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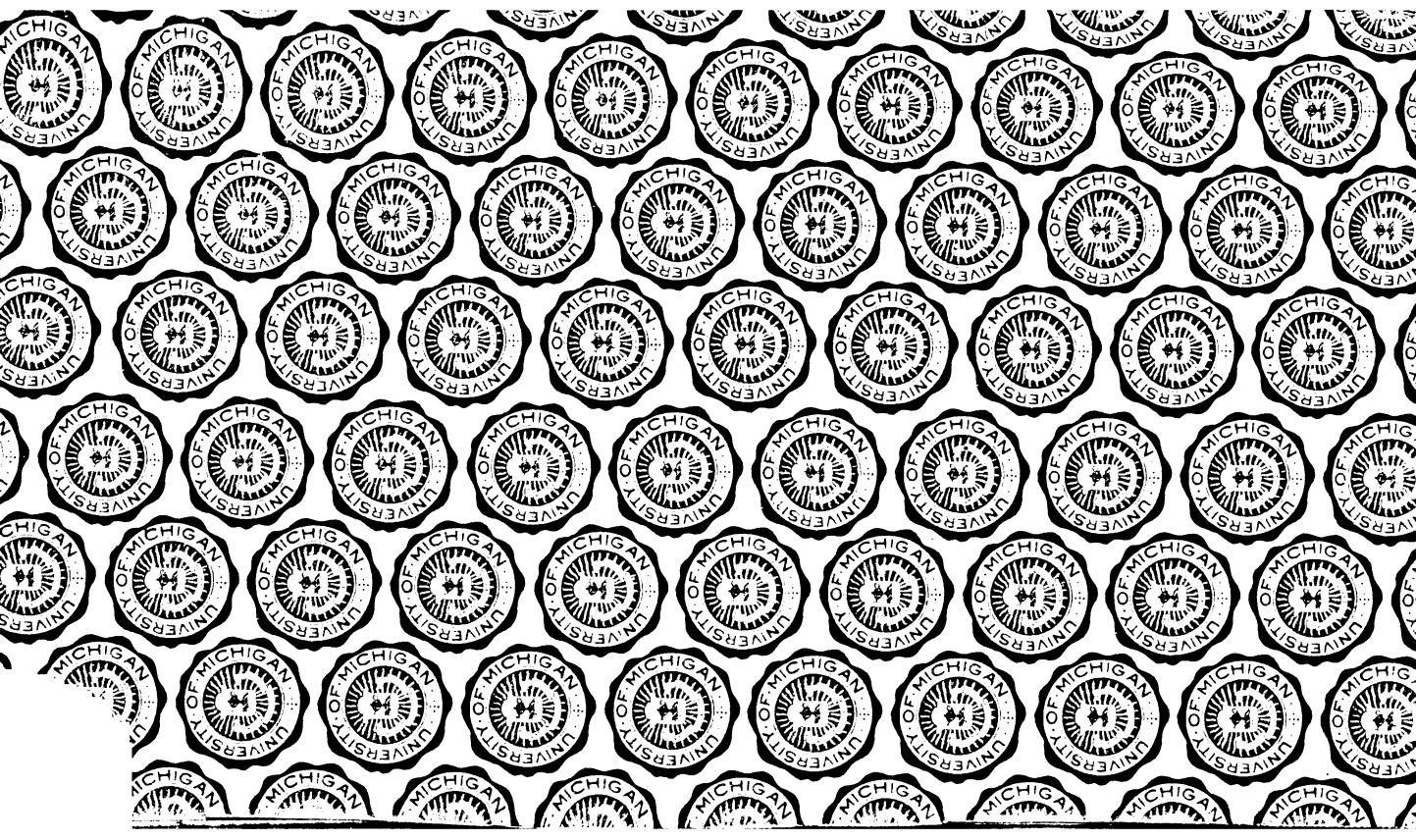
OF MICHIGAN
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BEGONE DULL CARE:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

WERE there no dramatic writers, there would be no dramatic critics; and therefore is it not singular that the latter, living by the former, should be so frequently endeavouring to destroy them? Not at all—for could critics live if they did not make war against authors? Would a Review, or a Newspaper, that praised *every body*, be read by *any body*? Certainly not. And consequently, since the fame and the sale of critical publications depend entirely on their severity, let authors upbraid the *readers*, and not the *writers* of abusive articles.

To those READERS then—those *good-natured, liberal* READERS, who encourage and compel critics to be severe; I shall point out some of the difficulties attendant on dramatic composition.

First DIFFICULTY —— to *please* YOURSELF.
Second DIFFICULTY —— to *please* the MANAGER.
Third DIFFICULTY —— to *please* the ACTORS.
Fourth DIFFICULTY —— to *please* the LICENSER.
Fifth DIFFICULTY —— to *please* the AUDIENCE.
Sixth DIFFICULTY —— to *please* the NEWSPAPERS.

Add to all this, the actors must *please* not to be taken ill—the weather must *please* not to be unfavourable—the opposing theatre must *please* not to put up strong bills, and then!—what then? Why then—"*Please to pay the bearer four hundred pounds!*"

"Ay, but" say these *good-natured* READERS "there are other advantages attached to a popular "Play!—the being noticed—followed and admired!"

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—By whom?—by all those learned Lords—fashionable Ladies—wealthy Citizens—penetrating Lawyers and eminent Literati, who some twelve years ago publicly declared that *one boy* was the genuine SHAKESPEARE, and who some three years ago as publicly declared that *another boy* was the genuine GARRICK—by all those who at different periods have equally idolized PITT and the CONSTITUTION—FOX and the REVOLUTION—SHERIDAN and the PHANTASMAGORIA—GIBBON and the LEARNED PIG—KOTZEBUE and MOTHER GOOSE!—And yet, spite of this weather-cock mania, authors have lived, and still live, who write for what they call FAME!—For my part I write for more substantial food:—*beef* and *mutton* are the objects of my ambition, and perhaps I would as soon gain them by bad jokes, as by good jokes; because, if by accident, I were to write one *sterling* comedy, I know to a certainty I could never write another, and therefore I should be *damned* by comparison.

But the constant cry is—"Why don't you write a "*sterling* comedy?—Why don't you give us the good "old *legitimate* drama—such as flourished in the days of "*Shakespeare—Jonson—Vanburgh*—and *Congreve!*" Kind, liberal READERS! why only select, for comparison, the best authors, and their best plays! Why not bring into competition the ephemeral productions of *Etherege, Shadwell, Tavernier*, and *Durfey?*—and at the same time fairly consider the numerous advantages possessed by these ancient writers—*they* found a well-stocked *dramatic garden*.—Love—Jealousy—Avarice—Cowardice—Hypocrisy—Curiosity—were then flowers unhandled and unseen—these

they culled—and left only weeds. *They* likewise were not checked in their satirical and original flights, by Act of Parliament—and if they had thought of dramatizing a *baby general*, or a *foppish clergyman*, they had no LICENSER to prevent them. *They* likewise were allowed the free use of that easy and inexhaustible source of creating mirth, called "*double entendre*."—*They* likewise, from the smallness of their theatres, had the gratification of knowing that their attempts at wit were heard even in the *galleries*—whilst ours, alas!—often stick in the *ceiling*!—and yet, with all these superior advantages, they had their *good-natured* READERS—for Voltaire calls Shakespeare—"*Un grand Fumier*."—Decker calls Jonson—"*Dull and vulgar*."—Collier calls Vanburgh and Congreve—"*Unnatural and blasphemous*"—And had there been reviews in the days of Terence and Aristophanes, they would probably have been called "*The pity of the wise—the buffoons of the vulgar*—and (as the *ne plus ultra* of disgrace) *writers of* MODERN COMEDY!"

Barristers, physicians, and other professional characters, increase in reputation as they increase in age—and at the moment dotage empties their heads, credulity often fills their pockets—but when time impairs or dries up the vivid juices of an author's brain, can he exist on his former reputation?—No, —his past efforts recoil—and yet there are people who would still recommend the *Horatian* maxim of "*Nonum prematur in annum*"—by which maxim, in *thirty-six* years, a man might compose *four* classical dramas—and allowing two of these to be DAMNED —(and their being *classical*, don't in the least mend

their chance) why he will have to cover himself, and perhaps a wife; who, "*Novum parturit in mensem*"—not only LAUREL in abundance, but a clear terminable *income* of about TWENTY POUNDS!

That a *very large* majority of critical writers are always ready to take the good-natured side of the question, and to aid "*their fellow labourer in the vineyard,*" I have every reason to acknowledge, and I am happy—most happy, in this opportunity of confessing that no author that ever did live, or possibly ever will live, can be under greater obligations to them than I am.—But since the few may at last lead and convert the many, —and play-writing is my chief source of income, I trust there is no impropriety in my vindicating my vocation to the utmost of my power.—I beg it to be understood, that I bear no malice even to those critics who call *modern comedy, modern trash*; because if the sale of their publications depend on their severity, who knows but they are writing against their opinions, and are all the time secretly thinking me a *wonderfully fine dramatist!*—To the reviewers I *can* bear no malice, because when they state that my new comedy is worth nothing, they actually state the fact—for by that time *I have expended all its profits.* To the public at large, who have for more than twenty years bestowed on me such uniform and unceasing indulgence, what can I say for not better meriting that indulgence? Why briefly, in the words of many of my own sentimental heroes—

"The fault is in my HEAD, and not my HEART."

March 5th, 1808.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

IN every Prologue for these thousand years,
You've heard of nothing but the Author's fears;
His pains of labour have rung thro' the house,
And, like the mountain, oft produc'd a mouse.
For once, you'll hear no melancholy story,
Before the Play, the Author will not bore ye;
And why should he, a trembling culprit, sue,
Whose only crime—his wish to pleasure you?
They talk of parties form'd, of critics' spite,
Of Newspapers condemning, wrong, or right,
Mere bugbears, rais'd poor Authors to affright,
Should he with mirth a tedious hour beguile,
He'll gain his wish'd-for recompense, a smile;
Should his plain tale some interest impart,
Your hands will speak the feelings of your heart.
More would I talk,—but since I well discover,
You'll not be sorry when the Prologue's over,
I'm gone—yet no—allow me just to say,
If any come to see a foreign Play,
We wish the Gentleman had staid away.
But, be there any, who will freely scan us,
And wait to know us, ere they try to damn us,
Like patient jurors, faithfully attend,
Nor give their verdict, till they hear the end—
Such are most welcome, and we've little fear, *(Boxes.)*
That such are to be found, there! *(Galleries)* there! *(Pit,)* and here!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Arthur St. Albyn	Mr. Pope.
Algernon St. Albyn	Mr. C. Kemble.
Modern	Mr. Lewis.
Danvers	Mr. Brunton.
Lord Blushdale	Mr. Fawcett.
Solace	Mr. Emery.
Trusty	Mr. Chapman.
Geoffery	Mr. Simmons.
Legis	Mr. Creswell.
Workmen.	
Servants, &c.	
Selina	Miss Smyth.
Cicely	Miss Norton.
Deborah	Mrs. Davenport.

Scene—The Country.

BEGONE DULL CARE:

OR,

HOW WILL IT END?

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* SIR ARTHUR ST. ALBYN'S *House.*

SIR ARTHUR *discovered, reading.*

Sir Arthur.

"PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time." *(Puts down book, and rises).* Ay, ay, when waste, extravagance, and shew, first drove me to the want of temporary aid, had I but sacrificed some luxury, and met the present danger by retrenching, I had repaired my fortune, and been happy—but pride, false pride, was so engrafted here, that, ere I would reduce one tittle of my pomp, and be the sneer of those, whom wealth makes envious, I still plunged on in the same heated whirlpool; buoyed up by bubbling, and deceiving hopes, which now dissolve, and I must sink for ever.—Yet, no—one prospect still remains—the marriage of my niece—and if my last remaining friend—if Mr. Danvers wou'd arrive—

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Danvers is this moment arrived from London.

Sir Art. Admit him then.

[*Exit Servant.*

Now, now I may regain my former height—and soar beyond the reach of malice, envy, and ingratitude.

Enter DANVERS.

Danv. Sir Arthur, I give you joy, and myself joy, and your niece joy;—for, if connubial bliss can be rendered permanent, by love, money, wit, and personal accomplishments, shew me a more happy, handsome couple, than Mr. and Mrs. Danvers.

Sir Art. What, your uncle, Lord Blushdale, will consent.

Danv. He will,—and on the terms I pointed out—namely, on his part he agrees to give up that bond of yours to the late lord, of sixteen thousand pounds——

Sir Art. Which you persuaded him to lend.—Go on.

Danv. On my part, I agree to advance to you the whole of your niece's fortune,—and on your part, you agree that the day I become her partner, I become yours in all your large mines and copper works, and depend on't, both firms shall flourish, Sir Arthur.

Sir Art. You have revived, restored me;—for though Selina, when we last conversed, seemed somewhat adverse to the marriage, yet all my wishes are so truly hers, that I've but little fear. And as a proof, by this, (*Giving paper*) I bind myself in heavy penalties to see the marriage solemnized.

Danv. (*Taking paper.*) Sir, you're all kindness; and I've but little to fear, unless a rival has forestalled—

Sir Art. (*With great impatience.*) What rival? Whom?

Danv. Your son.

Sir

Sir Art. Name him not—remind me not of one, who, long the hope, the blessing of my life, is now quite hateful to my memory.—My friend, when you well know how he has cut me to the heart, why probe a wound, which you can never cure?

Danv. Your pardon—I forgot; but, as I must suspect——

Sir Art. Well, well; if he again would undermine my hopes, and still oppose, and thwart his father's happiness, Selina's heart's all tenderness and love.

Enter SELINA *(not seeing Danvers).*

Sel. Oh, Sir Arthur, I came to ask a favour of you, do, do persuade that dear, delightful creature, now in the picture-gallery, to give us more of his company; for he is so odd, and so entertaining—

Sir Art. *(Pointing to Danvers.)* Mr. Danvers!

Sel. Oh Lord! 'tis all over—*(aside)* Sir, *(with agitation)* I am happy to see you at St. Albyn Castle, Sir; but, as I perceive I interrupt private conversation, I'll return to the picture-gallery.

Sir Art. No Selina, 'tis Mr. Danvers that interrupts private conversation;—and, as he never has beheld the grounds, and works, of which he's to be chiefly master.—What say you, Sir, will you inspect them now?

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Legis, your solicitor, is without.

[*Exit.*

Sir Art. That's fortunate!—he knows the nature of your visit here,—and will conduct you to my superintendant. And, hark ye—*(Aside to Danvers)* bid him dispatch the necessary deeds.

Danv. I will—*(Aside to Sir Arthur)* Madam, good morning. *(Bowing significantly to her).*

[*Exit.*

Sel. The grounds and works of which he's to be chiefly master! Surely not yours, Sir Arthur?

Sir Art. Mine! mine!—And likewise master of what's worth them all, this hand, Selina! *(Taking her hand, she turns away).* What! tremble, and turn pale! Have a care.—You know my fate is in your hands.

Sel. I do; and knowing well that artful, treacherous friend, I'll save you, if I can.

Sir Art. By heaven! 'tis true—and she prefers a base, discarded son.

Sel. I do, and chiefly love him, for the love he bears his father.

Sir Art. 'Tis false, he is my deadliest foe—and if you dread this union with my friend, blame him, that is the cause; for, who belied me to my brother? Who tortured him in his last dying hours, with selfish, specious tales? and, robbing me of all my just inheritance, became sole heir to his estate?—Who, but that son?—Who, long in mind, in manner, and in form,—bore such resemblance to his dear loved mother;—that I, at times, forgot her loss, and thought in Algernon she lived again!

Sel. You were deceived—he did not, could not—no, on my life! some villain has defamed him.

Sir Art. The proof is in my brother's hand; his will is evidence why I'm defamed.—And on the day your lover comes of age, he stands, confessed, his father's enemy. *(She appeals.)* Nay, if my friend, he still might save me from impending ruin—still might he marry with Sir George Montgomery's daughter; but there again he thwarts and mars my hopes.—And, therefore, could I live with such a foe? No, I call'd forth the energies of nature, and feeling he no longer was my son, dismissed him ever from parental love.

Sel. And this marriage with Sir George Montgomery's daughter, you also still persist in?

Sir Art. I do; I am reduced to such necessity,—

and

and your's must instantly take place—for to supply my unexpected loss, I borrowed money of the late Lord Blushdale—and now, observe—the present lord is hostile to my interest; but on the day you marry with his nephew, he will release me from a debt, which, surely you'll be proud to pay.—Since it, in fact, was caus'd by him you are so attached to. (*Ironically.*)

Sel. Which surely I'd be proud to pay, for him I owe so much to.—(*Leaning on Sir Arthur's shoulder.*)—But, when I think the day that gives me to Lord Blushdale's nephew, involves you also in a desperate union, and parts you ever from your much-wrong'd son, I must dismiss past kindness from my mind, and tremblingly pronounce——

Sir Art. Peace!—dare not utter the opprobrious term, lest maddening with accumulated injuries; I, too, grow desperate, and this instant force you to consent.—Hear me.—Your fortune is dependent on my will—and, marry any but the man I name, I'll triumph in your ruin.—Reflect, repent, and mind—when next this topic's urged, you prove the gratitude you so much boast of, or meet the fate ingratitude deserves.

[*Exit.*

Sel. Then, there is left but one alternative, and Algernon, at all hazards, must avow, what will awhile increase his father's rage, but, in the end, preserve him. We thought that it would come to this, and I will write as he instructed me.—Within there! William!—yes, yes—I'll send express to Bath; and in one line he shall confront his enemy.—Within there! William!

Enter MODERN.

Modern. Here, here at your service, Madam—and you needn't have had the trouble of calling me;

me; for I was so sick of Sir Arthur's old pictures, that I was coming post-haste to take leave of you.

Sel. You! I was calling my servant.

Modern. Then I'm sure you were calling me, Madam.

Sel. Upon my word, vastly gallant! But, pray, Sir, is it possible that you don't admire Sir Arthur's fine classical collection? Why, there is but one modern picture in the whole Gallery.

Modern. I know;—and though the artist be living, I thought the new gentleman look'd pretty formidable—and I don't see why painters and their pictures should be half-mouldered and rotten, before they get into life, Madam.—No, I like every thing that's new, and nothing old—save friends,—and wine,—and woods,—and women.—

Sel. What! like old women, Mr. Modern!

Modern. Yes, Madam.—'Tis a new fashion, and therefore I must follow it.

Sel. 'Tis a very cruel fashion then, and I should like to know how I am to get on for the next long tedious twenty years.

Modern. And, how am I to get on? for I can't make love to you till they are over—and, perhaps, by that time, young women will come into fashion again:—perhaps—Good by w'ye—and if there should be any thing new in the wilds of Ameria.—

Sel. What! are you going to America, Mr. Modern?

(Modern bows assent.)

Why!—for what reason?

Modern. A very old one—I've no money.—And as it was in that country my parents breathed their last, I wish to know, why they who loved me, whilst they lived, forgot me when they died!

Sel. Forgot you!

Modern. They did,—they did,—But that is past!—that concerns not you! and the ship is waiting

waiting at the neighbouring sea-port;—and so, though this is only our second, yet being probably our last meeting, allow me thus to press this fair, and lovely—

(Selina holds down her head.)

Nay, don't blush,—that's old beyond every thing—there, there—*(kisses her hand.)* And, now, Columbus like, all hope and agitation,—now for a new world!

Sel. And, mind, Columbus like, you don't come home in chains.

Modern. What! matrimonial ones, you mean—No, Madam,—if I marry, it sha'nt be out of this country,—Nay, if my friend Algernon were here, I'd say to him—perhaps not out of this county;—but, as I mustn't say that to you, Madam,—farewell.

Sel.—Stay, Sir, and so far be my servant, as to wait on me down stairs—Come, and I'd have you think of marriage, the novelty will please you.

Modern. It will; for the wisest of all men didn't say there was nothing new under the sun, till he had tried a hundred wives.—So, at any rate, I'll try one wife.—This way, Madam, *(taking her hand.)* Oh, if 'tis all like this, a bachelor's a dull, old-fashioned fool!—there is no novelty like matrimony.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Solace's house.*

Enter TRUSTY *and* CICELY.—TRUSTY *has a small Portmanteau, which he puts down.*

Trusty. Well, I'm glad we are come to the end of our journey, and I warrant so are you, Miss Cicely.—Though I don't know, you used to be in such spirits at coming home for the holidays,—and

now

now you look as melancholy, as if it were the day you were going to school again.

Cicely. Do I? my looks belie me then.—Home is most welcome, (*sighing.*)

Trusty. It ought to be—and this is the last time but one. Next Christmas I shall bring you home for good, and, then you'll be your own mistress, and my mistress.—

Cicely. Your mistress, Jonathan!

Trusty. Aye, wife to my worthy master, who has reared you, educated you, and, though he be not quite in the hey day of youth,

(*Cicely holds down her head and sighs deeply.*)

Why, there again! this marriage with your benefactor, used to be your favourite topic, and, though from the difference of age, love might, perhaps, be out of the question, yet gratitude, esteem—

Cicely. I am fatigued,—unwell,—and only fit to be alone——(*going.*)

Solace (without.)

Solace. This way, my lads,— this way.

Trusty. Here he comes—here comes Sir Arthur St. Albyn's honest, happy superintendant—and as hale, and as cheerful as when you last saw him.—Look.

Cicely. I dare not;—for I'm so altered, that I dread those looks, which, then, 'twas happiness to dwell on. And how, and when shall I have courage to encounter them? Not now I've inward proof, and therefore, to prepare him for distress, which he, as little merits as expects, bid him no more extol me for my conduct, for I would rather meet his utmost anger, than hear that praise I feel I don't deserve.

[*Exit.*

(*Trusty goes up the Stage.*)

Enter

Enter SOLACE *and two men belonging to the works.*

Solace. There—step into the back parlour, take the bats, balls, and wickets, and tell the other workmen, here be this whole purse-full for the winners.

1*st Workm.* Bless you, Master! bless you! and may you always be as happy as you make me, and my fellow servants.

Solace. I *am* happy I *will* be happy—for, no sooner do I wake every morning, but I say to myself, "Now, mind, John Solace, mind you don't be a fool to-day, for here you be again, with good health, though it be a hundred to one against thee; —with a good house over thy head, though thousands be without one,—and with the prospect of a good wife, though thousands be without that also." —And yet on every slight vexation, you want to be grumbling, Sirrah, but you sha'n't! for vexations do give variety; and if life were one smooth bowling-green,—Oh! how we should long for lumps and bumps upon it.

1*st Workm.* Indeed, measter, though I am sure I'm glad to hear you think so, for you've had your vexations this morning.

Solace. Why, yes; first the lightning did strike my best hay-rick, then a mad-dog did bite two of my best cows, and after that, my poor old mother did make me read to her, six whole columns of debates; but it might have been worse, honest lads;—the lightning might have struck I—the dog might have bit you,—and, instead of reading the debates, icod! I might have been forced to hear them! So, I am happy, I will be happy, and, now, go make thyselves happy.

[*Exeunt Workmen.*

What, thee here also! *(seeing Trusty)* and my dear, darling Cicely—No—how! why, where is she?

Trusty. There! *(pointing off the stage.)*

Solace. Where?

Trusty. There!—walking towards the coppice.

Solace. What! playing at hide and seek! Sly puss—I'll be a match for her—I'll—*(Going, stops.)* Why, she be in tears! and looking so pale, and so chang'd! Jonathan! what be the matter, Jonathan!—

Trusty. I don't know.—Ask her yourself.

Solace. Myself!—Speak—did her governess—did Mrs. Dorville say nothing?

Trusty. Nothing.—Good Evening.

Solace. And she,—she herself—

Trusty. Oh yes—Miss Cicely bade me say—I cannot speak it—ask her yourself,—and whatever is the matter with her,—even if you have lost her affections, call to mind what you have just, and always said;—still, still be happy, master.

[*Exit.*

Solace. Why, that be easy talking;—for, loss of hay, cattle, and such like, be certainly slight vexations—and he be a blockhead that do let them fret him.—But to lose, as it were, the whole world at one blow!—dang it, it be tight work to feel happy after that! However, if it be true, it do still carry with it this consolation.—I cannot feel any other trouble;—and if not true—and why!—yes, why not think so?—I will?—she be the same kind-hearted creature—and I's a poor thick-headed—he! he! he!—If ignorance give joy, and fools be always happy, I wonder how the deuce I's ever otherwise.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Outside of Solace's House, Canal, and Copper-works, and open Country in the distance.*

(Fife and Tabour heard without.)

Enter DANVERS *and* LEGIS.

Danv. Why, this is strangely ordered! Some dancing!—some at cricket! and none employed upon

upon the works? S'death! is this Sir Arthur's doing?

Legis. No—Sir Arthur knows nothing of it,—for he is one of those, who scarcely ever visits his estate, and thinks so little of his own concerns, that he leaves all to other's management;—the superintendant has the sole control.

Danv. So I suspected—and, can you wonder that Sir Arthur is embarrassed, when he allows the servant to be master? such servant is a villain!

Legis. Why he is a man of pleasure, Mr. Danvers:—and as a proof, look yonder—*(pointing off the stage.)* That pretty girl, they tell me, is his mistress.

Danv. His mistress!—S'life! I'll teach him—

Legis. Hush! he is here.

Enter SOLACE, *not seeing Danvers and Legis.*

Solace. Dang it! I do not half like her;—for she do turn away and sigh, and mourn, and somehow, be quite unpleasant, like:—and that be a sure sign, people in love be main disagreeable.

Danv. So, sir, you lead a fine merry life here *(taking his arm, and turning him round.)*

Solace. Very,—very—and thank thee for putting me in mind of it. *(going to take his arm, Legis stops him.)*

Legis. Softly! and know, the person you are thus familiar with, is nephew to Lord Blushdale, and the intended husband of Sir Arthur's niece.

Danv. Aye, sir, and partner in these works—mark that! Partner, and master of these works! Now,—what say you now?

Solace. Thank thee, thank thee again; for I do love joking and fun-making so much, that I don't think a bit the worse of a droll story, because there be no truth in it! He! he! he!—thee my master.

Danv.

Danv. No, sir, not yours; for I discharge all servants, who aspire to fashionable habits, and one who can afford to keep a mistress.

(Solace starts.)

Nay, sir, deny it not,—I saw her but this instant.

(Solace is between Danvers and Legis.)

Solace. Saw whom! not Cicely!

Legis. Cicely!

Danv. Ay! sir;—and this—is this a joke, sir?

Solace. No, I wish it were;—for I did think the other a light, pleasant sort of fib; but when you do both seriously take away a poor virtuous girl's character, I do call—No—I be so above using your bad language, that, though I know it to be a damn'd dull lie, I scorn to say so, upon any account whatever.—And so, as life be short, and pleasure somewhat scarce, wi' your leave, I'll seek more agreeable company elsewhere.

Danv. Sir Arthur shall resent this insolence—He—he shall know how you employ his workmen, and yourself.

Solace. Let un—let un—like his good old father, let un know every thing of I and his concerns, I wish it—I'd be glad to talk with him, for then he would know that this poor girl, that you so falsify, be my intended wife, and daughter of a worthy tenant, who, dying in distress, I did support, and educate her; and likewise he would know that yonder merry-making be the reward of industry.

Danv. Of industry!

Solace. Aye;—honest lads! they have done full six days' work in five.—And they be not slaves—or if they were, why only rule their hands? Why not be master of their hearts? and gain by willing toil what force could never earn?

(Fife and Tabour heard without.)

You hear—and could Sir Arthur witness these pure rural joys, who knows but he might give up London life, and mixing with his tenantry, and neighbours,

bours, be like myself, so much a little king amongst them, that, from the head to toe,

(Fife and Tabour again.)

I'm coming—John Solace will be foremost—"Begone dull care."

[Exit, singing and dancing.

Legis. This it is to trust to agents.—And to think, —Sir Arthur's son should countenance such profligacy! for every autumn, when sporting calls him from his other haunts, he chuses to reside with this his father's enemy.

Danv. Of course, they are confederates. But who comes here? as I live, another busy, and presuming blockhead. Come, let us get out of his way; for if he finds I'm on a visit to Sir Arthur, he will so torment me to introduce him—

Legis. Indeed! who is it?

Danv. Why Captain Modern, natural son to the late Lord Blushdale, who died whilst I was in America.

Legis. I know—his Lordship went there in an official situation.

Danv. He did; and I hoped his son had gone there also; for I declare, I wouldn't have him know of my intended marriage—*(going.)*

Enter MODERN.

Modern. Holloa, George! What, cut me! who cut thousands! Come that's new, at any rate.

Danv. Charles!—My dear fellow? Why, what brings you to this part of the world?

Modern. Why, I came to take shipping for that country, where you were when my Lord Blushdale died.—And you are sure, still quite sure you've no intelligence.

Danv. S'death! I have told you so a thousand times—and if you doubt my word, go, make inquiry on the spot.

Modern.

Modern. That's what I mean; and I was actually on board and sailing gallantly down the river, when the vessel met with an accident, and luckily can't put to sea again these two days, I say, luckily, because salt-beef in a captain's cabin isn't like venison in a baronet's parlour, nor the loud roaring of winds and waves, like the soft voice of a beautiful young creature—So, hey for Selina, and St. Albyn castle.

Danv. St. Albyn castle!

Modern. Ay—and between ourselves, though Sir Arthur is somewhat gothic in his taste, his niece is quite original—and she's in love with me, George! she is—and you will be in love with her,—and as I should like to see you *(takes hold of Danvers's arm, who tries to take it away.)* Pshaw! don't stand on dress or appearance,—for, talk of cutting—I'll introduce you, dam' me, if she'll even look at you—

Danv. You introduce!—Pray, may I ask—who introduced you?—

Modern. Myself, and in my own new style.—"Sir Arthur," says I, "I am the son of the late Lord Blushdale, and you owe him twelve thousand pounds"—"Heavens, sir!" said he, "do you come to ask for payment?"—"No sir"—said I, "I merely come to ask for dinner."—And then, by terrifying him with the thought of a great request, he felt as anxious to grant the little one, as you did to pay my taylor's bill, when I popp'd it in your hand, and told you it was a challenge;—but, come, you shall see Selina.—

Danv. (sarcastically) Certainly—I'm going to see her.

Legis. So am I.—We are both going to Sir Arthur's.

Modern. New again!—and if you've any thing else—

Danv. Nothing, but that your vanity shall meet reproof; for he who trifles with a lady's fame, and

and tramples on the rights of hospitality, degrades the name of Englishman and man.

Legis. True, Mr. Danvers; and whilst that name through every foreign clime spreads terror, and dismay;—and gallantry and freedom join to blend the laurel with the oak—

Modern. Gentlemen, Gentlemen! this is all very true, and very fine.—But,—I,—and I dare say the good people around me, have been so long pestered with these old common-place tirades, that I'm sure they'll thank me for stopping you in the middle—they will.—So away to the baronet's, and till you get newer, brighter thoughts, don't think of cutting out Charles Modern, who, if he live for ever, will be youthful, gay, and novel.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment in St. Albyn Castle, Folding-doors in the Back Scene.*

SELINA *discovered drawing.*

Selina.

WELL, now, that is very odd! I had began painting Algernon, from memory, and yesterday it was very like him; but somehow, now it isn't like him at all. No, and what's more odd, it isn't absolutely unlike some body else.—And I declare Algernon deserves it for not answering my letter. Bath is not such a great way off, and when he knows that all depends upon dispatch—here, here comes the servant. (*Rises and looks out.*) No, 'tis Sir Arthur, and this Mr. Danvers.—Oh, Algernon! Algernon! Why, why delay to make avowal of what alone can save us.

[*Exit at door in back scene.*

Enter immediately, SIR ARTHUR *and* DANVERS.

Danv. Nay, I have cause to call this Mr. Modern troublesome.—He thinks, because his parents died whilst I was in America, that I keep back intelligence.

Sir Art. Well, well, Mr. Modern knows nothing from me of our intended plans; but if he did, I tell you, I am so resolved upon this marriage, that none shall interrupt it.—To-morrow she is yours.

Danv. To-morrow, Sir!

Sir Art. Aye; spite of her love for a discarded son; and for this daring, dissipated agent, whom I have

have left to be his own free master,—he, too, shall feel my anger and authority, and you, the witness of his insolence, shall be the witness of his just correction.

Danv. Why, I must own that he deserves it, Sir.

Sir Art. He does, and I'll inflict it.—See, by my order, he is here.

Enter SOLACE.

Sit down, Mr. Danvers.

(*Sir Arthur and Danvers both sit.*)

So, Sir, (*sarcastically*) I'm glad to see you.

Sol. Thank thee, thank thee koindly, Sir Arthur. And I'm sure I be glad to see thee; for, though you've been owner of the works these eight years, I think you have been but twice in this house, and, certainly, not once in mine. Indeed I be very glad to see thee, Sir Arthur.

Sir Art. Then you have to thank this gentleman.

Sol. Then I do thank him. (*Bowing to Danvers.*)

Sir Art. You hear—I thought he would retract,—(*to Danvers*) I am glad to find my friend has been mistaken. He said, that you presumed upon long service—

Sol. I!—I!—Come, I don't thank thee for that, Sir.

Danv. S'death! do you deny it? Did you not meet, and leave me with contempt?

Sol. Why, yes;—and well I might, Sir Arthur;—for, do you know, without, with your leave, or by your leave, he did come strutting, and saying—"I'm partner!—I'm master!"

Sir Art. (*Rising.*) He is to be your master.

Sol. What!

Sir Art. This is my partner, and, as such, respect him, and obey him.

Sol. Bless my soul! when I did say vexations gave variety, I never thought that one might have too much of a good thing.—And what with this and Cicely—However, if it be thought fit—take a partner, Sir Arthur!—give me another master; but let it be the one I did bargain for,—don't thee,—don't thee let it be out of the family, Sir Arthur.

Sir Art. How! dare you—

Sol. I do mean no offence; but your son be often proud to visit an old servant, and I do see that he do love the whole concern,—and I do likewise so love him,—that, to be happy,—and I won't be otherwise,—let him be sharer in his father's fortune,—I,—I be servant to no other.

Sir Art. Then I dismiss you, Sir;—and now I can believe what I have heard, that all this insolence results from independence, gained most vilely and corruptly.

Sol. Independence gained corruptly!

Sir Art. Ay:—thanks to my careless, unsuspicious nature, you have amassed, by fraud and peculation——

Sol. Peculation! Sir Arthur, I have liv'd on these works from a boy—my father before me; and when we did first take them in hand, the profit were scarce worth remitting.—What be it now, Sir Arthur? Last year I did send thee up to town full eighteen thousand pounds! and though *your* father, to encourage and reward my zeal, did annually allow me a twentieth share, have I once vexed thee by demanding it? Nay, have I even asked the common pay of servitude? and why? because I heard thee wert in difficulty, and I, who live by fraud and peculation, did feel so anxious for my master's independence, that I have given up my own to gain it.

Sir Art. Astonishing! Can this be possible? *(To Danvers.)*

Danv. All art,—all subterfuge.—Begone! *(To Solace.)* Take your dismissal, Sir.

Sol.

Sol. Don't, don't thee dismiss me, Sir Arthur; for the workmen will all follow me—the dealers will all leave you.—Another superintendant cannot, in years, supply my place. But why, why do I stand begging and beseeching here? Thee art the son and father of two men, that I mun reverence;—thy name be St. Albyn.—I have known thee from a child, and, therefore, if thee say'st—"There be the door, John Solace!"—I answer, "Very likely, very likely!" But, till I'm sure thee art in better hands, look,—the whole county shall not push me out of it. (*Standing before the door.*)

Danv. Not go! Not be controlled! Sir Arthur, if the story of your father's bounty prove, as I guess, most artful and unfounded, this high-toned boast of generosity is but increase of insolence and falsehood.

Sir Art. True; and I've nothing but his word. Come, Sir, the proof,—convince me that your services and zeal were thus important to my father's interest.

Sol. What! still against me! Then, (*putting his hand hastily to his coat pocket*) no, (*taking it out again*) I do not need such consolation; for, though your conduct do o'ercloud my joys, your father's do bring sunshine to revive me. (*Half crying*).

Danv. You hear the poor, evasive answer.

Sir Art. I do, I do.—And open villany should have my praise, in preference to this cant, this mockery of honesty.—Begone! and till you dare divulge the proofs, you boast of, dare not to prostitute my father's name.

Sol. Prostitute! Nay, then, though I did mean to bear this secret to my grave, (*taking a paper out of his pocket-book*) read what were written in this very room, only two days before your father's death, and with his own free choice.—I scorned to ask, or hope for such reward; but you do see—(*holding up paper before Sir Arthur*) not only do he bind himself

to pay this twentieth share—"but fearing that my son"—(*Reading*).

Sir Art. (*Snatching the paper from him and reading*) "But fearing that my son's expensive "habits, and love of town pursuits may, some time "hence, induce him to require a partner's aid; I do "*direct* that no such partnership be formed without "the approbation of the said John Solace;—and if "his fair and equitable profits be punctually dis-"charged, he will *himself* have ample means to pur-"chase into that concern, which his own merit has "established."—'Sdeath! 'tis past bearing! Why, why was this concealed?

Sol. Why were it ever shewn? I had no wish to turn it to my own advantage, and never can; for keep but the concern within the family, and I would rather hold my present state, than be the master of the whole—and so I'll to my daily work.—Dang it! I's sorry thus to gall Sir Arthur, but I feel proud that industry and trade can lift me o'er the head of foppery and malice! Sir Arthur, I do humbly wait your orders.

[*Exit bowing respectfully.*

Sir Art. Confusion! left to the mercy of a low dependent! He more entitled to command than serve! And I no power to fulfil my contract! Sir, I entreat your pardon,—but, when I talked of marriage, and of partnership, I thought I was sole heir to all my father's fortune and affections, and little knew his vassal more deserved them.

Danv. Nay, shall I not share Selina's love, because I am not sharer in your fortune? I have no motive but attachment, and if Lord Blushdale and myself fulfil our part of the agreement, what need of yours? Come, come, proceed as you intended;—instant prepare Selina for the marriage, and when this agent reasons as he ought——

Sir Art. True; when he sees your friendship would prevent what my son's treachery would cause,

he

he must select the partner of my choice. *Yes*, I will proceed;—and, but that youth precludes the possibility, I should suspect the poisoner of my father's mind——

Danv. Nay, after all, perhaps your son does evil, only to do good.

Sir Art. Poor, paltry sophistry! No end can justify the sacrifice of honour;—and crimes thought requisite to aid the cause of virtue, like other crimes, recoil upon themselves.

[*Exit at door in back scene.*

Danv. So, she is mine! And further to defeat my rival's hopes, I will not cease till I secure this Mr. Solace in my interest. And if he would know why I would link myself with one, already so embarrassed as Sir Arthur, it is because his fortune may improve; but mine, by sudden losses at the gaming-table, is grown so desperate—

Enter SERVANT, *from door in back scene.*

Why, where have you been, Sir?

Serv. I have been delivering a letter to Sir Arthur, Sir, which I have just brought express from Bath.

Danv. From whom?

Serv. From his son,—from Mr. Algernon, Sir.

Exit.

Danv. From Algernon! And sent with such dispatch! But his appeals are useless now, and I'm so certain of Selina's hand, that I'm impatient to avow my triumph.

Enter MODERN, *from door in back scene.*

Mod. So, I'm glad I've found you; for I have just been witness to such common place, and such novelty!—And but for the fun of the latter getting the better of the former, I should be as much disappointed

pointed as another poor devil; for, do you know, Selina mustn't any longer be in love with me?

Danv. (With exultation). I do, I do, Sir.

Mod. But, can I blame her? She, who has marr'd such gothic schemes.—Listen.—Sir Arthur, you see, swore that Selina should be the wife of some curst worldly blockhead, whose name he purposely kept snug from me; but when I find him out.—Oh, George! how we will both laugh when we find him out.

Danv. No, we won't; for his success can never raise your mirth, and for mine,—certainly, Charles, I sha'n't laugh at myself.

Mod. You!—What, are you?—

Danv. I—I am this worldly blockhead! And I'll tell you a secret—Selina's husband means to be so jealous, that you'd best find some willow tree.—(*Pulling up neckcloth to imitate hanging.*) You understand.—Now,—why don't you laugh now? (*Smacking him on the back.*)

Mod. I do;—and we shall both laugh more and more; for, bless you! you've only heard the common place! I hav'n't come to the novelty! But now for it! Sir Arthur, you see, stuck to his point, and Selina was almost frightened into compliance, when a servant entered post haste with a letter from Algernon St. Albyn!—Sir Arthur opens it, seems agitated, trembles,—turns pale, and lets it fall —I pick it up; and find that Algernon confesses he has been secretly married to Selina these six months!

Danv. Secretly married!

Mod. Ay, secretly married! and dared not previously avow it, lest it should increase his father's anger. This is *their* secret,—and I am so original as to wish them happy;—and for *mine*,—Selina's husband means to be so jealous, that you'd best find some willow tree. (*Pulling neckcloth, &c.*) You understand. —Now,—why don't you laugh now?

Danv.

Danv. Distraction! to be thus outwitted and supplanted! I shall go wild.

Mod. So should I;---but being supplanted, is so new to me, that if Selina, unlike other women, don't love Charles Modern, why Charles Modern will more love her for being so uncommonly original.

Danv. Where is Sir Arthur? for we'll instantly proceed to take most ample vengeance on them both.

Mod. What vengeance, Sir?

Danv. First, what insulted honour justly claims.

Mod. What! you'll call out Algernon! Very well---if you will be so infernally common place, only mind your seconds don't publish the report, that's all; for affairs of honour, now-a-days, confer so little honour, that pistol-work, in the field, like on the road, can't be done too much in the dark.---And for the other hacknied trick---for carrying off the lady,---that's only done upon the stage, and then is merely introduced, that some such merry fellow as myself may make a butt of the dull rogue who plans it.---So, mind, George! mind you are not my butt!

Danv. You are beneath my notice---and, be assured, Sir Arthur and myself will find a way to punish all our foes.

Mod. And be assured, Selina and myself will find a way to prevent it.---So, good by w'ye!---And I say, George, if any more novelty has taken place since I came away, depend on't, you shall hear it. You wished to keep your marriage secret, but I'll let you know all about the secret marriage.---Ha! ha! laugh.---Why don't you laugh?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Solace's house—a table and chairs put on near the Wing, with pens, ink, and paper.*

Enter CICELY.

Cice. Yes, though the struggle has been most severe, honour at length has triumphed over love, and I've resolved to banish from my mind all memory of one—Heavens! do I live to utter it?—But 'tis decreed! and the proud consciousness of acting right, and proving grateful to my benefactor, shall still excite me to complete my purpose. (*Drawing table forwards—seats herself*) Now to resign the lover for the friend! (*begins writing*) "Sir!"—Oh! does he merit such a cold address? "Our late pri-"vate meetings must have convinced you of my "firm attachment; but to my dear benefactor I "have promised my hand—you know he deserves "it.—Farewell! and that your name may be con-"cealed, I here return your letters." (*putting her hand in her pocket*) How! where are they?—they're lost!—and if he's once discovered—Oh! let me fly, lest malice should again calumniate *him*, who seeks that lasting fame, which fraud may covet, but which only honour gains.——

[*Exit.*

Enter SOLACE, *immediately.*

Sol. There! she do still avoid me; and betwixt her, Sir Arthur, and one thing or other, I don't know when I have passed a more cheerful, pleasant day—Very well! I do hope they will keep it up till bed-time.—(*Seats himself close to the table*) Ha! ha! (*trying to laugh*) it were not always so; for sure as out-door work went wrong, my Cicely would come and smile, and prattle, and—(*rousing himself*) Why not

not now? Dang it! I'd like to be informed—for if caprice have taught her also to dislike me, I'll shew her I'm as proud—(*hitting the table with his hand, it falls on the letter*) Why, what be here? A letter! and to me! No—it be to—plague!—torment!—it be to some base, seducing—(*reads*) "Sir, our late "private meetings"—Jade! sorceress!—But it won't last—I shall be soon where trouble cannot reach me, (*weeping*) "must have convinced you of (*reading on*) "my firm attachment—dear benefactor—promised "my hand—deserve it—farewell—name concealed "—return letters."—(*trembling violently, and dropping the letter*)—My head—my heart, do both so beat, and whirl—and yet—(*half smiling*) somehow —dang it! I were never so unhappily happy in all my life!—Hush! she be coming!—she be returning! and since my tongue can badly do its duty, I'll shew her she has taught me how to write.—Yes, if I can but hold my pen, (*picking up letter*) the letter sha'nt be all her own! (*goes hastily to the table, and writes on the letter*) There is my share—that, that be consolation.

[*Leaves letter where Cicely left it, and stands aside.*

Re-enter CICELY.

Cice. So—I have found them;—but alas! they have revived such tender recollections, that I have scarcely courage to proceed. Here are his letters—there—(*pointing to the one on the table*) Well, well, I've no alternative (*seating herself, taking up the pen, and reading*) "and I entreat that—you will pay no attention to any "part of this letter; for happiness is my pursuit—" Heavens! my benefactor's hand!—"Happiness is "my pursuit; and as I cannot expect any from di- "viding lovers, I do beg you will instantly come "together, and consider, that whilst I have a house, "or a guinea, you shall never want a part of them."

(*She*

(*She trembles, turns round, sees* Solace, *runs towards him, and falls at his feet.*)

Sol. (*His head from her*) Don't thee, Cicely,—don't thee make me look at thee; for if thee dost—(*turning gradually towards her*) Dang it! he cannot grudge me one embrace! tho' no husband's, I have a father's right, and thus, and thus I do enforce it—(*embracing her.*)

Cice. (*After a pause*) And you forgive me?

Sol. Forgive thee! How could'st thee help it? The fault were all mine; for I did forget that this now were not a face for a pretty school girl to fall in love with.—And there be the infirmity of nature, Cicely: we do fancy we be always young and comely, and never think that beauty's but a flower!! But, one thing I premise,—be'st sure he be no false, artful lover?

Cice. My life—my life upon his honour.

Sol. Enough—conclude the letter—bid him come directly—we'll have the wedding by return of post.

Enter MODERN *and* SELINA.

Mod. (*to Selina*) Don't you fatigue yourself—I—I'll explain every thing.

Sol. What! Miss Selina in my house! Madam! (*bowing low*)

Mod. Not Miss Selina, my dear fellow! because 'tis in consequence of her being a married woman, that Sir Arthur has forbid her his house; and her husband being my friend, and your friend, and every body's friend——

Sol. Indeed! Who be her husband?

Mod. Who, but Algernon St. Albyn!

Sol. Algernon St. Albyn!—I be glad on't—I be main glad he have saved her from that Mr. Danvers—and thee, Cicely,—thee, who, like me, dost know, and dost respect my dear young master,—speak,—ben't she to be envied, Cicely?

Cice.

Cice. (Who has shewn much previous agitation) She is---your arm---support me---I am quite faint---I o'ercome---nothing, nothing else! *(falling almost senseless on Solace's shoulder.)*

Sol. No, nothing, Cicely,---and it be easily accounted for; her spirits have, of late, been so much harassed---but, pray go on, your welcome news will cheer her, and revive her.

Cice. (*Starting up*) Oh, yes!---'twill do me good---pray, pray, proceed.

Sel. Nay, you've heard all, except that, till to-morrow, when I expect St. Albyn will arrive, I hope that I may call this house my own.

Sol. To be sure; and thank thee for thy company ---and Cicely will also thank thee, and I'll tell ye this---you won't be long the only new married woman in this part of the world, will she, Cicely? And so, come, come, and partake my humble fare.

Sel. Most willingly.

Mod. (*In a melancholy tone*) Mrs. St. Albyn! Mayn't I go with you, Mrs. St. Albyn?

Sel. I am sure you have my leave; for I feel much indebted to your kindness.

Sol. Then I'm sure he have my leave; and, after dinner, I'll tell you what new jokes I play'd off against my would-be master.

Mod. Tell me new jokes! Lead on! I'll follow you to the world's end.

(Solace exit with Selina)

Madam,---*(offering his hand to Cicely)*

Cice. I'll come---I'll follow,——

(*Modern bows and exit.*)

if I can! St. Albyn married! After all his vows, the husband of another! And, now, that other to make this her home? 'Tis well, 'tis very well! And I, the object of seductive passion, must stay, and witness his connubial joys! No, let me rather perish---let me fly---

Sol. (*without*) Why, Cicely! Cicely!

Cice.

Cice. Ha! that soothing, friendly voice staggers my resolution! Yet, if I stay, 'tis but to prove he's wronged in friendship, as in love;---and, if I go, the suffering's all my own!---'tis fixed, my resolution's fixed! And, spite of all this treacherous husband's arts, still truth and honour, like two vivid stars, shall guide, and cheer me through the gloom!

Sol. (without) Why, Cicely! Cicely!

Cice. I come! I come!

[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Solace's house.*

Enter SELINA.

Selina.

UPON my word, there is no end to this Mr. Modern's civility; for he is now gone for me to St. Albyn castle, and altogether he is such a strange, insinuating creature, that I wonder whether his attentions have proceeded wholly from friendship for Algernon, or partly from attachment for—Attachment! for whom? Oh, fie, fie, Selina! dismiss such light and trivial thoughts! Where is my host, and that sweet interesting girl? Poor Cicely! your smothered sighs,—forced smiles,—and wild expressions, betray such latent, hidden anguish, that, though a stranger to the cause, I feel most anxious to relieve it.

Enter SOLACE, *hastily.*

Solace. Not here either!—No where to be found! Mrs. St. Albyn, I do hope thou be'st happy—I do hope the person, on whom thee hast fixed thy affections—but, thank heaven! thee be'st happy.—Thy husband will never forsake thee.

Sel. Forsake!—Speak, what has happened?

Sol. Nothing, but what might, perhaps, have been worse.—She might have died under this roof, and I might have seen her in sickness, and in suffering;

fering; but I shall be spared that affliction;—I shall never, never see Cicely alive or dead now!

Sel. Not see Cicely!

Sol. No; she be gone!—eloped!—And after I had given her free leave to break her promised vows to me, and marry him that she preferred! But it be a day of trouble, and this ben't my first heavy calamity.—That, that be some comfort, Mrs. St. Albyn.

Sel. Marry! whom?—Know you his name?

Sol. No; she did artfully conceal it; but this I do know,—they had their private meetings, and if he prove,—look ye, if he do prove to be a villain!—

Sel. He is,—'tis evident—and to preserve her from his snares, lose not a moment; for, perhaps, e'en now, she's sighing for that friend, who still I'm confident, must sigh for her.

Sol. I do—I do;—but how, and where be I to find her? However, certainly not here—So I'll take thy advice, and if I should o'ertake them, and she call him by the name of husband, why, I'll just offer him my hand, and smile, and be content; but if I learn that he have other views, though he be tall and mighty as a giant, dang it! I'll grasp him till he own that, as true happiness do flow from women, so he be but a fool, who knows not how to cherish and protect her. *(going)* Good night!—Good night!

Sel. Success attend you! And if St. Albyn should arrive in time, he will be proud to aid you, and console you.

Sol Oh, yes!—and he—would he lay snares to mar domestic happiness? No,—were all like him, I should not now be driven from my home, to—but, 'rat en! the day be not yet over,—and that misfortunes oft be blessings in disguise, I know full well;—for, never did my heart sink low as it be now, but something did turn up to make it bound beyond its former height.—And there's my hope.—Spare, and forgive my present selfish grief, and when I do come

come back, I will be quite agreeable,—quite cheerful—quite happy, Mrs. St. Albyn.

[*Exit, in tears.*

Sel. 'Tis more than I shall be—I have not his philosophy, and I would travel through the world to find the villain, who has caused this misery—Who—who can I suspect?—None,—none, unless—Why, yes, my mind misgives me—he had scarcely entered, when she wept, and fainted;—and, since, at the same instant, both were missing.—So, Captain Modern, this took you to St. Albyn castle!—this was your kindness to Selina! Oh, base, deceitful—

Enter MODERN.

What! is it you? Oh, my dear sir, I don't know that I was ever more glad to see any body in all my life.

Mod. And I'm sure I'm equally glad to see you, madam; and this it is not to be common-place,—though "seen for ever, we are ever new;"—but for St. Albyn castle,—

Sel. What! you *have* been there, Mr. Modern?

Mod. I have, and seen Danvers.—And he avows that he has written to Lord Blushdale, and with his influence, is secure of triumph.—But, can that simple, rusticated peer contend against my modern tactics?

Sel. Nay, let that pass;—think only of what calls for instant aid,—think only of poor Cicely—But I forget—*(with emotion.)* perhaps you know her story.

Mod. I know 'tis the old story—Love,—elopement,—and seduction. And when poor Solace told me at the door, my grief was lost in my resentment; for, of all stale and hacknied plagiarism, there is none that ¶ so loath, as cribbing from a circulating library.

Sel. I'm satisfied. *(Aside.)*—and, in plain common sense, I much suspect her's is no voluntary flight—

flight---I fear she's in some villain's hands,---and since I can't employ your friend, St. Albyn---

Mod. How?

Sel. Pursue,---restore the wanderer to her home, and you'll confer on one, already much indebted, a deep, and lasting obligation.

Mod. The very thing I wanted:---before I sailed, I was so anxious to lay you under an obligation, that I even thought of getting Danvers to carry you off, on purpose that I might have the glory of bringing you back again. Madam, I'll alarm the whole island,---I'll placard, advertize, hawk, hand-bill, and hue and cry her.---And if my conduct boasts of little novelty, 'tis to the honour of the age we live in; for I really believe where one young fellow would call seduction fashionable, thousands would scout it as a low, reprobated passion.---I'm gone.

Sel. Yet, hold---I only ask you to recover Cicely, and not to punish her oppressor.---Mind, no personal encounter.

Mod. What! the wind-up of the novel!---No, and particularly just now, when life is dear to me beyond description.

Sel. No wonder it has charms, when you devote it to such generous purposes. Adieu!

Mod. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit Selina.*

Oh Lord! if I don't take care, I shall turn out the most common-place of all scoundrels; for I shall fall desperately in love with my friend's wife. However, if I do, I'll succeed in a new way; for I'll tell her of it---and I'll tell him of it---and then, I'll say, "farewell, Algernon! farewell, Selina!"---And, then, they'll answer---"don't leave us, Charles."---And, then, having satisfied my feelings, I'll say,---"curse me, if I don't live with you for ever."

[*Exit.*

SCENE.

SCENE II.—*Outside of Lord Blushdale's small villa.—Practicable door and window.—Garden and open country in the back-ground.*

Enter DEBORAH.

Deb. Come, come, be of good heart, Deborah —end your day's work with spirit—shut the doors and windows of your dear master's house, and, then, your aching limbs shall have their night's holiday.—Heigh-ho! I wonder whether Mr. Copsland —his pardon,—my Lord Blushdale, I mean, is as fond of parading in his great London-house and gilt chariot, as he was of tending his little garden, and managing his little farm. Pray, heaven, he may be! I can give him an excellent character, and I hope he won't give me a bad one; for, as times go, I hav'n't been a very short while in his service —only twenty years,—that's all—only twenty years.—Heigh-ho! *(unlocks door.)*

[*Exit into house.*

Enter CICELY, *hastily.*

Cicely. Hark! what was that? Surely the sound of feet.—I am pursued,—discovered.—No,—'twas but fancy—and if some hospitable roof will shelter me to-night, to-morrow I'll set forth again;—but whither?—and to whom?—Oh, Algernon!—Algernon!

Re-enter DEBORAH, *from the house.*

Deb. So—fast bind, fast find.—Heigh-day! *(seeing Cicely;)* What have we here? I declare, as nice, modest-looking a young creature—

(going

(going nearer.) How! in tears!—in trouble! Come, come, cheer up.—Though I am old in body, I'm stout in heart, and, perhaps, it will be rendering myself a service, to do you one. Come, come, what's the matter?

Cicely. My story is not worth your hearing.—It is enough to say, that, could I find a kind asylum for to-night, to-morrow I'll set forth for London, and in some menial situation—

Deb. What! you want a place! and have no home!—No,—and there it is—there's the worst on't—my cabin is so small,—bless you! I've but two little rooms.—In the one there is myself, my cat, two daughters, and a bed—and in the other, there is my poor sick nephew, who, when he's well, works about six miles off, at worthy Mr. Solace's.

Cicely. Your dwelling is too public—I must remain unseen, unknown—and since no other shelter offers, some wood shall be my resting place till morning. Farewell! and had I always met with hearts like yours, these had been tears of joy, and not of anguish.

Deb. Stop—do you think I shall close my eyes, if you sleep in a damp, dreary wood? And such a night as this! so bleak!—so stormy!—No—look—*(pointing to the wing,)* there is nobody in that house, nor likely to be for some months; for the owner of it, now Lord Blushdale, has nobler mansions elsewhere;—I have the keys, to keep it aired and tidy—and if you prefer being alone, in a warm, comfortable bed-room, to wandering in a wood, my pretty innocent—

Cicely. I do—I do.

Deb. Indeed! then I'll look you safe in to-night, and in the morning, after bringing you a good hearty breakfast, I and my daughters will set you forward on your journey.

Cicely.

Cicely. Oh! this is past my hopes!—Let me this moment enter.

Deb. So you shall.---And, another thing, when you get to London, I know my lord wants an under-housekeeper—and, though you are somewhat young, there is no harm in applying for the situation. *(Stamping of feet without.)* Hush! somebody's coming! In, in, before we are observed.---Good night! and do, as I always do, in a strange house,---lock, lock your bed-room door fast, and don't stir till I call you.

Cicely. I'll mind—and when in London, I will ask Lord Blushdale for the place.---Good night,---and thank, and bless you for your kindness.

[*Exit into house.*

Deb. (Locking door, and keeping the keys in her hand.) And thank, and bless you;---for now I shall sleep like a top.—Yes, yes; she'll be the very servant for his lordship.

Enter LEGIS.

Heighdays! and holidays! Mr. Legis! why, I hav'n't clapt eyes upon you these four months! No, not since that topsy turvy morning, when you brought the letter, which changed my dear master into a peer and a parliament man.

Legis. True, Deborah; and I wonder how the change suits him; for if you recollect, he stared, and hesitated at leaving his retirement.

Deb. At first, Mr. Legis; but when you pointed out the advantages, when you told him how every body would respect, and look up to him, i'faith, he actually set off in such glee, and such bustle! But, heigh-ho! my old bones require rest, or I could tell you such long stories of his mild, good-natured—but, another time! I'll make amends by calling early some morning, and talking of him the whole day, Mr. Legis!

Legis. Do, Deborah,—I shall be glad to see you.

[*Exit Deborah.*

Aye, and my friend, Copsland also—though, I suppose, he's so involved in fashionable scenes, that he disdains to think of his once favourite dwelling.—Why, zounds! (*Looking out.*) No.—Yes,—'tis he, and looking so strange, and so flurried!——

Enter LORD BLUSHDALE, *hastily, followed by* GEOFFERY.

Lord B. (*Not seeing Legis.*) There it is—there is the dear, old darling spot!—Go, Geoffery,—go, get the keys from Deborah,—and mind nobody observes you.

[*Exit Geoffery.*

So! I think they won't follow me up here.

Legis. My lord, I rejoice to see you.

Lord B. (*His head from Legis.*) Sir, you mistake,—you—(*seeing Legis*) Legis! my dear fellow, I'm glad to see you—I thought it was somebody who wanted a favour of me.

Legis. Not I, my lord,—I want no favour.

Lord B. Don't you? then I'm more glad to see you; but you deceived me about London, for it wasn't as you said,—nobody wanted to oblige Lord Blushdale!—No; every body so wanted Lord Blushdale to oblige them, that from the moment I put my foot in London, 'twas—(*mimicking*) "My Lord, will "your Lordship do me the favour to attend my "party this evening"—"My Lord, will your Lord-"ship do me the favour to attend my motion this "evening?"—And in the one house I did pretty well—talked, and heard nonsense,—played, and paid for cards—smiled, and was smiled at; but in the other house I was so sleepy, that, though I gave in my vote, I hav'n't the least notion on which side I gave it.

Legis. Astonishing! but why be hurried into scenes

scenes that you so little were prepared for! Only I know your easy, pliant nature—accustomed to oblige, you could never refuse——

Lord B. Never; and, in humble life, it was all very well; but for a great man to grant whatever is asked of him! Only think, Legis! Amongst other pleasant things, it turned out, that I had the reversion of a large living in Yorkshire, and five curates applying for it at the same time, 'twixt my flurry, old habits, and thinking to get rid of every thing, by complying with every thing, i'cod, I promised it to every one of them.—Yes, I did, and the rector dying suddenly, a week ago, hang me! if they hav'n't all started fair, to get possession! And so I started fair; for if they get possession of me, there'll be no mercy—no benefit of clergy, Legis.

Legis. He! he! and you think to escape by taking refuge in your old hiding place.

Lord B. Certainly; for they'll look for me in my high stately castle in the north.—A cottage is too low to catch the eye of place-hunters, and sycophants.—So, mum to all except my nephew.—He's somewhere, not far off; and I've rare news for him about Selina's husband.

Legis. What! Mr. Danvers has informed you of this secret marriage?

Lord B. He has; and of the superintendant's power:—and here's a welcome answer to his letter. (*Producing one.*) I'm on his side—I hate these profligate St. Albyns, and for their sake, I'm glad I am ennobled; for I'll, at any rate, *provide* for them.

Re-enter GEOFFERY, *with the keys.*

Geoff. My lord, I've got the keys from Deborah—that is, from the nail, on which she always hangs them; for the good old soul was fast asleep, and I didn't chuse to awaken her, lest she should be curious, and inquisitive.

Lord B.

Lord B. What, like yourself! Well, you were right, Geoffery.

Geoff. Certainly, my lord; for if she had asked me what brought you back to the country, I couldn't have answered her. A cottage and content may look very pretty upon paper; but when a man actually gives up for them, a retinue and a palace, why, begging your lordship's pardon, that man must have some curst, odd out-of-the-way reason for it.

Lord B. (*To Legis*) You hear—Old curiosity, as I call him, was so tickled with the pomp of peerage, that he can't make out why I seek retirement! And he, e'en he, at last came asking favours.—You did, you wish'd me to promote some poor north country cousins, though, but six months ago, you swore you had surviv'd your whole Scotch family.

Geoff. So I had; but your lordship's sudden elevation brought my Scotch cousins all to life again.

Lord B. There! and yet they talk of eastern learning, eastern wisdom—pooh! the wise ones all come from the north, and till I was a lord, I had no idea of that country's vast population;—but here I go, and with my doors safe barr'd, and cozing in my elbow-chair, o'er old October, and a snug wood fire, how shall I chuckle to be safe from male and petticoated place-hunters! Legis, pray find, and give this letter to my nephew; (*giving letter to Legis*) for he, (*pointing to Geoffery*) old curiosity, must say "no" to every question that is started—and, above all, to my late brother's natural son, that jackanapes, Charles Modern.

Legis. Ay, he is in the neighbourhood.

Lord B. I know—I half-lik'd the fellow; but he insists I am a lump of affectation; he swears it is too new for bumpkins not to bite at dignity! But, could he see me now—here, is my lower house—and if here I throw off my coronet and robes, I likewise shall throw off gowns, cassocks, petticoats!

[*Exit into the house, followed by Geoffery.*

Enter

Enter DANVERS, *immediately, not seeing* LEGIS.

Danv. Now for my uncle—and I am sure of his assistance; for if he dare oppose my schemes, I have the power to humble, and command him—Yes, my Lord Blushdale little thinks his present prosperous career proceeds or ends as I shall please to dictate—So, Mr. Legis, have you seen my uncle?

Leg. I have; and, as he tells me, here (*giving letter*) are welcome tidings.

Danv. Indeed, then, thus (*hastily opening letter, and reading*) "Dear George, in my way home "through Bath, I call'd on an old friend, who keeps "a school there, Mrs. Dorville, and she informed "me that Algernon St. Albyn had made various as- "signations with one of her young pupils!—with "Solace's intended wife!—and though a stranger to "both her and Solace, I am none to the St. Albyns, "and, therefore, shall feel pleasure in exposing "them."—To-night, this instant, Solace, Selina, all shall be convinced who now deserves to be their favourite—(*knocks at door*) Within there! Geoffery! Geoffery!

GEOFFERY, *at the window.*

Geoff. Hush! Hush!

Danv. 'Tis I—'tis I.

Geoff I see;—but his lordship's fast asleep.

Danv. What, gone to bed?

Geoff. No; in his elbow chair: and there perhaps, he will remain all night; for, 'tis very odd, but do you know, we can't get into the bed-room—No, something's the matter with the lock; and I was all a-gog to force it open, but my lord call'd me an old noisy blockhead—

Danv. Psha! tell him—

Geoff. I dar'n't—I dar'n't go in till he rings for me.

Legis.

Legis. Nay, 'twere a pity to disturb him now. And in my mind, Sir Arthur should be first consulted.

Danv. True; so he ought—and therefore when my uncle wakes, say I'll impart this story to Sir Arthur, and add, that I sha'n't sleep for exultation.

Geoff. Nor I for agitation; for I say, Mr. Danvers, can you make out why lords hide themselves in cottages?

Danv. Not I, Sir,—'slife! begone! retire!

(*Geoffery hastily shuts the window and retires.*

And now, let Algernon partake Selina's love,—Mine! mine will be soon a prouder triumph.

[*Exit with Legis.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Solace's house.*

Enter SOLACE.

Solace.

SO, it be all over! all in vain!—She be lost—for ever lost to him who would have died before he would have caused her such vexation.—What shall I do? I'll sit—that I have not patience for.—I'll walk—that I've not strength for.—I'll drown my cares in wine—No, hang it, I did try that once, and tho' I did toss down so many bottles that they did say I might be prosecuted for moving wine without a permit, yet I did only find that a fixed heart-ach were not cured by clapping a great head-ach at the top of it.

Enter Sir ARTHUR ST. ALBYN.

Sir Arthur! at last to visit an old servant.—Come, this be somewhat like—A chair, take a chair, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arth. What, still so humble! though vested with authority? still ready to obey and to oblige me?

Sol. Ay, from my heart, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arth. Indeed! then to the trial—Mr. Danvers—my friend—acknowledge him to be your master.

(*Solace turns away.*

What! I can have no partner but Selina's husband! but

but he, who, by this last dishonourable act—well, well! that's nothing—a father's injuries are not worth thinking of.

Sol. Nay, sir,—dishonourable!

Sir Arth. Ay sir, to me,—Selina, and to one, who, though he cannot feel my trifling wrongs, may chance to sympathize for others.—Hear me!—There lived in this neighbourhood, a poor orphan girl, who, to reward a benefactor's kindness, had promised him her hand; but he perceiving that she loved another, gave up the treasure that he yet so coveted, and, to say truth, most nobly left her to her own free choice.

Sol. (*Agitated*) He!—whom?

Sir Arth. (*Laying hold of him, and proceeding rapidly.*) The lover she preferred, had secretly been married, and to complete the catalogue of guilt, false to his friend, his mistress, and his wife! he lures his orphan from her home; he, he whom you uphold, is the betrayer of your promised bride!

(*Solace violently agitated.*)

And, now, whilst thus you feel these, your own wrongs, think what that father must have borne, who here renouncing nature's strongest ties, not only scorns to cloak, or deprecate his crimes, but, for the sake of justice and example, comes forth to shame, and to expose him.

Sol. (*After a pause.*) Have you done?—I do only ask, because, if there be any thing more, I be quite prepared,—quite, he! he! (*trying to force a laugh.*) Thee hast been told this by some enemy.

Sir Arth. (*Haughtily.*) By Mr. Danvers, sir!

Sol. By him! I can laugh freely now—ha! ha! my oath upon his innocence!

Sir Arth. What! think you that, without unanswerable proof, a father thus would criminate a son, or court an office so ungracious?—No, I now have, because I once so loved,—and if reduced to

publish his disgrace, judge of my triumph, could I say with you, "my oath upon his innocence!"

Sol. Say it!—do, pray say it.

Sir Arth. His mother, 'ere she died, wished him, her image, to supply her loss, and for a time that wish was realized; but when I plunged in fashion's giddy maze, he turned my thoughtless folly to account, and poisoning my late brother's mind,—the die is cast!—his guilt is every where apparent—and my Lord Blushdale, Mrs. Dorville's friend, will prove it past all doubt. (*Going*) You know where he resides.

Sol. I do; and know, beside, his Lordship's word be law with Cicely's governess.—A thousand times I have heard her say so,—dang it! I cannot stand these ups and downs!—The worst!—the worst!

Sir Arth. Nay, hear it from the man, whose word is law;—mine is distrusted! But mark me, sir—when *your* friend's treachery is amply proved, I shall expect that mine has his reward,—and grateful for the power bequeathed you by my father, that one St. Albyn may maintain his honour—I claim it,—I demand it.—And, confident you'll chuse as I direct, I leave you, till we meet for acts of justice, and of gratitude.

[*Exit.*

Sol. (*Pausing, and looking round.*) It be a cold night—very, very cold! And the wind do come so cutting through the crevices—"Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!" (*trying to sing*) "la de da di d——" (*running the note, till it ends in his crying*) Oh! for a happy man, I wonder who be half so miserable! Thousands! thousands! be still worse off than I be, even now.—And what of that? Can I glean comfort from the pain of others? No! if I could, I wish this cutting feel might last for ever. However, I will hear it from the fountain-head.—No second-hand reports—Lord Blushdale shall

shall himself convince me,---and, then, when things be at the worst, why then---

Enter SELINA.

Sel. So, Mr. Solace---I see you hav'n't found poor Cicely---not heard one word of her and her betrayer?---Dear, dear, who could have had the heart to cause such misery?

Sol. Who! who! (*pulls out his watch*) It be late---quite late---and I've forgot to see the works be safe---to mind that all be right without (*putting his hand on his breast*) I'll not be long---for come what may, I will not turn my back on those that need man's best support,---Yet, stop---thee said'st thy---my---thee said'st that Mr. Algernon would arrive to-morrow.

Sel. He will;---it is the day he comes of age---and that's the secret that has thus detained him.

Sol. Indeed! pray heaven! that thee art right.

Sel. I'm sure he has no other motive; and when to-morrow shall arrive, perhaps you'll find I also may divulge a secret! Till then, though you have failed in the pursuit, confide with me, in the kind, generous Mr. Modern's zeal.

Sol. (*After a struggle*) I will---I'll still be confident. A common mind can fight 'gainst common griefs; but when the sea do, mountain-like, run high, it can be weathered but by hearts of oak---I'm one---I'm rous'd!---And, at the worst, I can gain happiness, by guarding thine,---I'll not be long, Mrs. St. Albyn.---Care has'n't yet quite got the better of me---no, I'll still fight it! "Begone dull care." (*Singing.*)

[*Exeunt* { *Selina.* / *Solace.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in* LORD BLUSHDALE'S *Villa—a Door in the centre of the Flat,—and Lord B.'s Picture hanging over it—Guns, Fishing-rods, &c. on each side—the Wings placed diagonally, and a Door in each of them—Table, with Pens, Ink, and Paper upon it.*

LORD BLUSHDALE *discovered asleep in his Arm-chair.*

Lord B. (*Waking and rubbing his eyes.*) Aw, aw! where am I? still in my arm-chair.—Oh, I recollect, Geoffery cou'dn't unlock the bed-room door.—And I, no doubt, dropped off whilst he was prattling.—Well, well, it is enough to wake to such a calm, delicious scene. No letters from lord-loving sycophants.—No notes from gala-giving ladies, who are the worst by far;—for titles are so wanted at assemblies, that peers might be better feed for attending hot rooms, than physicians are for visiting sick ones.—And then, the women do so coax, and call me a sweet, charming——pooh! nonsense! However, they can't catch me here. (*Noise of unlocking doors in back scene.*) Listen.—Old Geoffery's poking at the door, though I desired he would not disturb me. He can't be quiet, till he knows why I left London. (*Noise again.*) Again! Why, no! it is the bed-room door! It opens! Somebody's been hid there! Dam' it! bolts, cottages, concealment,—nothing can save me from their active fury! (*Standing aside.*)

CICELY *opens Chamber-door in back scene, and enters.*

Cicely. Surely I heard a voice! Friend! friend! (*In a half whisper.*) No! 'twas but fancy—and I'll return and wait till I'm called—and then, if possible,

—oh

—oh yes! this still shall be my home; here I'll remain till I am certain that Lord Blushdale will provide me with this place, or with some other situation; for I'm so humbled, and so circumstanced, that I am ready to accept of any thing.

[*Exit into chamber, shutting the door after her.*

Lord B.—(*Coming forward.*) And who the devil isn't? Look here now! only look here! I give up splendour, equipage, and London, and stealing to my cottage for repose, a strange young woman shuts me from my chamber, and if she can't get one place, swears she'll have another! Pheugh! (*fanning himself*) and I, the simple, modest Lord! if I am caught with this young petticoated place-hunter! Oh! the mere thought——

MODERN *without.*

Mod. Stand by, old Cerberus! though his Lordship has private reasons for excluding you, my business will plead my excuse.

Enter MODERN.

My lord, I beg your pardon for this early visit; but seeing your servant through the window, I suspected you were come, and so I've just stept up to ask one or two small favours of you.

Lord B. Of course, Sir:—and though you said I was all art and affectation, I don't blame you, Sir—no, Sir, I blame that old dotard, because, begging your pardon,—he has let in the very person I ordered him to keep out.

Mod. There's no art now, my Lord, but—(*taking a chair and seating himself*) for the first favour.—To-night I leave England, perhaps for ever—and before I go, it is my wish to confer an obligation on a new-married couple—on Algernon St. Albyn

Albyn and his charming wife.---Bless them! I love them both with all my heart and soul!

Lord B. Very likely; but I do not love them; and I and my nephew will play them trick for trick, Sir.

Mod. You sha'n't; for I won't stir, till you give up such paltry, hacknied plots.---No, here I sit till I am authorised to say, that you will influence Sir Arthur to forgive his son; and, then, I shall receive those captivating looks, which, in your heart---Come, come,---women are kind to lords, and lords, like you, are always kind to them.---You are, and you consent?

Lord B. I do not; and let me ask, can nobody try to confer obligations, without my having a hand in them?

Mod. I have tried---I've been out all night, scouring the county round.---Exploring vallies, villages, and woods---employing criers, offering rewards---and the next favour that I want, is, franks for all these letters. (*Producing them.*) They are to magistrates in distant towns—and they enclose this printed full description.

Lord B. (*Eagerly.*) What! what description, Sir?

Mod. (*Rising.*) Why this---(*taking out hand-bill*) And, could I trace the profligate---Look---(*reading it.*) "Missing, and supposed to be in the hands of some villain in this neighbourhood, a young woman, aged eighteen,---blue eyes,---auburn hair,---fair complexion,---had on a brown gown, chip hat, white shawl"---

(*Lord B. is all this time trembling violently and occasionally looking round at the door.*)

There! and whoever she be found with,---hark ye!

Lord B. Eh!

Mod. A brave stout countryman will take the fighting part; but for the sprightlier line of paragraphs and print-shops,---why, I will so identify his

his person, that if he peeps but through a window, the women shall all blush, and say,—"Oh! are you there, you naughty, wicked Tarquin?—But, the first favour first. (*Going to sit down again.*) So. here I sit, till you promise to befriend Mrs. St. Albyn.

Lord B. Don't,—don't sit—I'll promise any thing, every thing—frank the letters! befriend St. Albyn—nay, grant a thousand favours more, so you will only leave me to myself!

Mod. As I expected,—and I'm gone.—And, now had I followed the old hacknied plan, and fawned and bowed, and been agreeable, you would have only bowed me out, and fretted at the interruption; but I have been so very disagreeable, that you can't rest, till I am satisfied, and feel quite happy at my leaving you.

Lord B. I do, upon my honour, and—(*pointing to the door.*)

Mod. My Lord, I'm yours—and I've no fear that you'll forget your promise; but if you do, there's no harm done—we'll only have another merry meeting, and part as we do now, delighting and delighted!

Lord B. We will, we will.

[*Exit Modern.*

(*Immediately Cicely appears at the door.*)

Lord B. And now for more delighting—(*turns and sees Cicely.*)

Cicely. (*Advances towards him.*) My Lord!

Lord B. Madam!

Cicely. I've heard what's past; and, as I guess, your good old servant has'n't yet explained that I came here for shelter, and for safety,—but still I have no fear—with confidence I throw myself upon your Lordship's generosity, convinced you will extend to me that kind, obliging—

Lord B. Madam, I'm not obliging—I'm cross—ill-natured—and I'll not only thank you to think so yourself,

yourself, but to go and tell every body else so.---Go, madam.—

Cicely. What! I'm despised---deserted---(*kneeling*) My Lord, you see before you a poor, persecuted girl, wronged, but still innocent! who has eloped, not only to protect herself, but to preserve the happiness of others! Return, I cannot---ne'er will I involve the virtuous with the guilty.---And you, who are so famed for purity and honour, must feel delighted to support my just, but irksome, resolution.

Lord B. I do not.---I feel delighted to support nobody.

Cicely. I ask not an asylum here, it is too near the scene that I have shunned.---I only ask that you'll fulfil those hopes your kind domestic has excited.—Your London mansion!---let me be sheltered there! and life will be too short to pay my debt of gratitude and love!

Lord B. (*Turning away*) Psha! you, and this busy old Deborah---

Cicely. (*Pulling him towards her*) Nay,—in your service,---by another name,---I never shall be traced---and you!---suspicion cannot light on you!—Or, if, by chance it should, I'll beg, starve, perish, ere I'll bring disgrace on my exalted, kind, protector (*Holding him by the hand, and kissing it.*)

Enter GEOFFERY.

Geoff. Mr. Solace, my lord---Oh, ho!

[*Exit.*

(*Cicely starts up, and in her agitation, drops her shawl, without perceiving it.*)

Lord B. Confound the whole eternal scene! Stop---come back.

Re-enter

Re-enter GEOFFERY.

One plague I'll instantly get rid of---Madam, I grant what you require.---My name will be your passport---and you, sir, conduct this female through the private path that leads into the London road---and, *(Cicely runs to thank him)* nay, nay, your gratitude when next we meet—and that, I'll warrant, won't be soon.---Go, don't stand staring, blockhead! Quick! *(stamping)* Begone!

[*Geoffery, all fright and astonishment, exit with Cicely.*

So, since locks won't serve, I'll try if strength will keep them out.---Colossus-like, I'll stand against the door.

Enter SOLACE.

Sol. My Lord, I do hope no offence; but your servant not coming to shew me up, I have taken the liberty to shew myself up---and I don't see him---where be he, my Lord?

Lord B. What's that to you?---and who the devil are you?

Sol. My name be Solace, and I do come, for your Lordship to make me, what you seem to be yourself---quite vexed and unhappy like.

Lord B. Sir Arthur's foreman! Sit down---I'll instantly make you unhappy.

Sol. Thank thee; but there be no hurry; if it were any thing pleasant, the sooner the better; but to be told that one be thus misused by those that I did love, and cherish as my own children---dang it;---if I could think, as Mr. Modern thinks,---what charming consolation!

Lord B. Why, what does Mr. Modern think, Sir?

Sol.

Sol. Why, I did just now meet him, and, saving your presence, he do think that, like some other London lordly folk, you be, at heart, quite gay and sly, and not to be depended on! But I, alack! know better---and, therefore, only let your lordship take your time,---for I sha'n't *instantly* be made unhappy.

Lord B. Very likely; but when I prove St. Albyn's falsehood, will you accept my nephew as your master?

Sol. Now---this moment I will do justice to Sir Arthur and your nephew---for, lest the memory of past affections should some time hence incline me to relapse, look---*(shewing an agreement)* this deed, once signed by me, do give a stranger that control which, 'twere the object of my life, that none but a St. Albyn should inherit, but that be past---yet, no---it be not past.---The proof! the proof!

Lord B. What brought him, every autumn, to your cottage? What has so long detained him from his wife? Why was he caught in base, clandestine meetings?---And if you doubt that Mrs. Dorville told me, upon the honour of an English peer---

Sol. No more,---I'll hear no more.---And all the consolation that I've left, be, that I've power to resent such villany! I'll sign directly!---Give me the means.

Lord B. Here! *(pointing to the table.)*

Sol. Now for my own, his wife's, his father's wrongs! *(Going towards table, he treads on the shawl.)* Why, what be here? part of a woman's dress! So---be'st thee, then, gay and sly?---And, now I look again---Heavens!---speak---who, who do this belong to?

Lord B. Who!---why to---curse me, if I know who any thing belongs to.

Sol. I know too well---it do belong to her, who, by your statement, be now with Algernon St. Albyn

—I know it be Cicely's.—And if, after all, it prove that thee, Lord Blushdale, have taken such advantage of thy title, as to snare her, and to corrupt this governess, why I will have no master, but that son, who be so much ennobled in his heart, that, to high birth, he adds the higher rank of proud integrity and honour. So, Sir, I'll search the house.

Lord. B. Do—that's what I wish—I'll go with you.

Sol. So confident?

Lord B. I am:—enough—come on. *(Taking his arm and pulling him hastily, towards the wing.)*

Enter GEOFFERY, *hastily, meeting them.*

Geoff. Oh, my Lord, I've put the young woman in the private path, and she's gone to your London house—and she'll change her name, and she'll be all love, and—(*seeing Solace*) Oh ho! are you there?

(*Lord B. stamping, violently and going to seize Geoffery who avoids him.*)

Lord B. Fire! fury!

Sol. Yes, I am here, and so are you, and the mild, modest Earl of Blushdale—Shew me down stairs, and quick, lest the roof fall—Gone to your London house, and changed her name!

(*Lord B. tries to speak*)

Nay, nay, my Lord—I want no further explanation.

Lord B. But I do, and I will have it. Stay I insist.

Sol. Stay in such company! Lead on, Sir! (*to Geoffery, who opens the door.*) Oh! were I a lord!—

Lord B. Oh! I wish you were! Hear me! Zounds! I will—I will be heard!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Open Country—with a View of St. Albyn Castle, in the distance.*

Enter ALGERNON ST. ALBYN.

Algernon.

S'DEATH! is it possible, that thus again I view my father's house, and dare but view it at this distance? And whilst he welcomes a false, specious friend, that I must prowl about my native lands, as a discarded and unnatural son; but I forgive him, he is still my father, and the fond thought that I shall soon regain his wonted love, recals past times, and makes me sigh to meet him,

Enter THOMAS.

Well, Sir, what news?

Tho. Why, Sir, I have been to St. Albyn Castle, and I am very sorry to learn, that Sir Arthur is every hour more and more attached to Mr. Danvers.

Alger. That's hard—that's very hard!

Tho. And they likewise talk of your being secretly married to Miss Selina, Sir, and of her having left Sir Arthur's house, and being now at Mr. Solace's. [*Exit Thomas.*

Alger. At Solace's! Heavens! under the same roof with Cicely! She'll hear that I am married, and knowing not the motive for my conduct, she, like my father, will condemn, discard me.—Fool that I was,

I was, to leave her in suspence, even for a few short hours!—Come—

Enter MODERN.

Mod. My dear Algernon, I am glad you are come; and I wonder you stayed so long; for, were I married to such a sweet, interesting—Oh! I wish I were!

Alger. Well, if you were, Sir?

Mod. Why, if I were, would I make love to another sweet, interesting——Lord Blushdale swears you've carried off your friend's intended wife;—but, old as that may seem, I'll tell what is still older: Earl Modesty's himself, the sly old fox—changed her name—gone to London—mum!—snug!

Alger. Who—who is gone to London, Sir?

Mod. Why, Cicely—and if you want his lordship's patronage, you see, you must make use of petticoat interest—in every plait and pucker there's promotion.

Alger. One question, Sir,—When, when did Cicely leave Mr. Solace's house?

Mod. Why, almost directly after Mrs. St. Albyn came there.

Alger. Enough—I see it all, and censure not Lord Blushdale for his profligacy—I, I am the cause of all her sufferings.

Mod. You!

Alger. For me she has eloped, and I endure the pangs the guilty feel, though honour was the genuine impulse here. To her I am no villain, nor to Selina; but 'tis a rash, unthinking world, and vice and virtue are so much confounded, that if the deed apparently be evil, the man's condemned, long ere the motive can be sought for.—Farewell! Selina shall know all, and share in my affliction.

Mod. Your wife!—You'll tell your wife!

(*Algernon nods assent.*

Then,

Then, pray, tell me; for all this is so original, that I'm bursting with curiosity.

Alger. Hereafter you shall know,—till when, condemn me not unheard—and when the day of explanation comes, you'll find, my motive was to save my father,—ay, and Selina!—and, that explanation past, I will to London, and preserve poor Cicely. So may I live to bless the happy hour when virtue triumphed over fraud and art.

[*Exit.*

Mod. So say I,—so may I live to unriddle all this mystery; and if 'tis new and gentlemanly, I'm satisfied; but if otherwise, curse me if I put up with it.

Enter SOLACE.

Sol. Rat en! Can that be Algernon St. Albyn? He did press my hand, burst into tears,—pass on, and say he would explain another time.

Mod. That's what he said to me, and I wonder at what hour another time will come.

Sol. Sir Arthur too! I did leave him in fine tribulation; for he not only won't believe that lord Blushdale be the wolf in sheep's-clothing; but he do say, that my folly and rudeness may cost him his liberty; and it may, for his lordship do hold his bond for sixteen thousand pounds.

Mod. I know.

Sol. And, but for Sir Arthur's extravagance, I could myself have paid it; but thus it be;—that though we were all intended to aid, and benefit each other, yet selfishness do so creep in, that one half of the world, to load themselves with luxuries, do deprive the other of, almost, necessaries. But still, if I—if I should cause my master's ruin!—Thee—thee has'n't such a lump sum as sixteen thousand pounds, hast thee?

Mod. No; nor ever knew the man that had such a lump

a lump sum, except Lord Blushdale; and therefore he will hardly mix in such old, worn-out work as law, bailiff, and iron bars.

Enter LEGIS.

Legis. Won't he, Captain? Perhaps you'll soon find that his lordship and his nephew, to your sorrow will both mix in such old, worn-out work.

Mod. Stay,—what mean you?

Sol. Ay, what dost mean?

Legis. Why, that owing to your *(to Modern)* hostility to Mr. Danvers, I am already employed against you on the unpaid tradesman's bill—and owing to your *(to Solace)* hostility to Lord Blushdale, I shortly expect to be employed against Sir Arthur.

Sol. It do never rain, but it pours.—But still console thyself, Mr. Modern.

Mod. *(Melancholy)* I do; for I and Sir Arthur shall be for ever housed from rain now.

Sol. Dang it! Who, who can influence Lord Blushdale?

Legis. None, none but Mr. Danvers—he has some strange, some absolute control.

Mod. What strange control, Sir?

Legis. That I should like to know myself; for, just now, at my house, inflamed with anger and with wine, he swore Lord Blushdale must obey him—and wildly boasted that, if one secret marriage marred his hopes, another still might make them. But I waste time—

Mod. Stop—did he say any thing about America?

Legis. He did; and, therefore, having fairly answered all your questions—good morning.

[*Exit.*

Mod. It dawns! It flashes on my mind! and if before, I thought that he kept back intelligence, what must I now? I will this moment to Lord Blushdale,

dale, and if my hopes prove true, a new event shall bring on Danvers's head that ruin he designs for us. Farewell! and wait for me at home.

Sol. I will—I will—but don't thee talk of novelty, Mr. Modern—no, thee art old fashioned in thy heart.

Mod. I know not what I am just now, nor what I shall be; but this I know, whatever be my character, I'll try to be original—I'll not cut old friends, nor break promises—though now-a-days every body does break them; from the place-maker who promises sun-shine, to the almanack-maker, who promises rain.—

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in* LORD BLUSHDALE'S *Villa, the same as in Act 4th.*

Enter LORD BLUSHDALE, *hastily, with a packet of letters.*

Lord B. Never, never was man so deep in hot water; for the Londoners have found out where I am, and by this letter I'm summoned to the house—by this I'm challenged for not fulfilling a promise of the late lord;—by this, as his heir, I have to answer a long bill in chancery;—and by these—army, navy, law, physic, and divinity are all emptying their own houses to over-run mine!—Companies too! I'm asked to patronize so many Insurance, Wine, Brewing, Vinegar, and Blacking Companies, that I suppose London will at last end in one great shop, and that small tradesmen, like small farmers, will be swallowed in the great gulph of speculation.—And, to add to all this, my nephew, Danvers, writes me to throw his friend, Sir Arthur, into prison.

Enter DANVERS.

Danv. I do;—and when you make me charge

St. Albyn with a crime, which, by bad management, you are proved guilty of yourself, I have a right to reparation; and, therefore, my lord! Sir Arthur's bond.

Lord B. There it is, *(pointing to chamber)* with other lordly valuables in my red box.—But, stop—have you and Sir Arthur quarrelled?

Danv. No;—I must still seem to be his friend; the act must be your own. But once confine him for the debt, the servant, to secure his master's liberty, will instantly accede to all I ask.—So, Sir, the bond. *(Going towards chamber.)*

Lord B. No, Sir; for openly avow yourself Sir Arthur's enemy, and I will still stand by you. But think you I'll be party in such low, clandestine dealings? No; if I am a peer, and can't uphold myself by strong, conspicuous talents, let me build my public character on my private one; and, after all, why shou'dn't a man be as proud of one, as the other?

Danv. What! you refuse?

Lord B. I do:—I'll start in a new character; for I've got into so many scrapes by being obliging and agreeable, that, like that rogue, Charles Modern, I'll have a touch at the disagreeable.

Danv. Hear me! you shall consent.

Lord B. Shall!

Danv. I have the power to force you to my purpose; for, hark ye,---what if I strip you of this boasted peerage! What if there live a lawful heir to all your proud inheritance! And that I, only I, can crush your claims, and sanction, or establish his?

Lord B. How!---What! a lawful heir?

Enter MODERN, *unseen by* LORD B. *or* DANVERS.

Mod. Ay---a lawful---*(Puts his hand before his mouth, and exit.*

Danv.

Danv. Who's that?

Lord B. Nobody.---I heard nobody! But you said there was a lawful heir.—Go on, Sir.

Danv. On my arrival from America, I found you had assumed the vacant title, and thinking you my friend, concealment was my interest; but since you thus oppose what I suggest, know, what you once suspected, was most true.—The late lord's fair companion!---this Mr Modern's mother! Conscious of the lowness and obscurity of her own family, and aware of the pride and resentment of your brother's, she was persuaded, during his life-time, not to avow—

Lord B. (*With great eagerness.*) She was not, Sir.

Danv. She was; and her health being precarious, her son on his travels, and I on my return to Europe, she employed me, as the only relation in that part of the world, to seek out him, and (*sneeringly*) Mr. Copsland!—And shewing them this certificate of the marriage, proclaim Charles Modern rightful Earl of Blushdale. (*Lord B. snatches the certificate and reads it with great emotion.*) Now! may I get the bond now? I may! I may! his agitation proves that love of rank will place him ever in my power.

[*Exit into chamber.*

Lord B. I see! (*With his eyes fixed on the certificate.*)

Mod. (*Advancing and looking over his shoulder.*) So do I! I see that that and other valuables belong to your successor, Mr. Copsland!

Lord B. (*In a melancholy tone.*) It does—and my rank and titles belong to my successor.—And this summons,—this challenge,—this bill in chancery—And these notes from captains,—counsellors,—curates and companies,—all belong to my successor, ha! ha! (*Offering the letters, and smiling, and rubbing his hands.*) If you feel delighted at being

being what you are, I am more so, at being what I was.—You are Lord Blushale,—I'm Squire Copsland:—Nobody will ask favours of a little country Squire.

Mod. What! it was not affectation! This is so new,—so winning,—and so unlike Danvers!—My dear, dear uncle! if I had known this welcome, joyous news, would I have kept it secret?

Lord B. No, that you wou'dn't, my dear, dear nephew! (*Shaking hands with each other!*)

Re-enter DANVERS, *from the chamber, with a small red box.*

Danv. Here is the bond—and now to put it in the proper hands. (*Coming next to Modern, without seeing him.*)

Mod. (*Taking box.*) Thank you.—You have put it in the proper hands.

Lord B. You have;—and if you want to throw your friend, Sir Arthur, into prison, that's Lord Blushdale! Bless you! I'm stript of my boasted peerage! I'm only a little country squire, ha! ha! Mr. America!

Danv. S'death! have you told him?

Mod. He has; and, now, we are going to tell every body. (*Taking Lord B.'s arm.*) You see, Cousin Common-place, this is no old, and hacknied sight,—the ins and outs both on the same side, my boy.

Lord B. True; and that the out may never be forced to be in again, marry, you rogue. (*To Modern.*) Pray, marry!—don't die without leaving a little lord. (*Taking Modern's arm.*) you see—ha! ha!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.—*Outside of* SOLACE'S *house, (as in Act I.)*

Enter SIR ARTHUR ST. ALBYN, *meeting* TRUSTY.

Sir Art. Where is Mr. Solace?

Trusty. I fancy he is somewhere about the works, Sir.

Sir Art. Call him this instant.—Say that Sir Arthur waits for him within.

[*Exit Trusty.*

What are a lover's to a father's frailties? I thought to triumph when his guilt was proved; but, now all hope of palliation's past, nature, resistless nature mounts within me, and, though resolved to punish, and to shame him, I would give worlds to pardon, and to spare him.

[*Exit into house.*

Enter MODERN *and* SOLACE.

Sol. Thee!—Thee Earl of Blushdale!

Mod. I am; but what's the use of being a peer, without having a peeress? And I can't—I can't marry, my dear fellow.

Sol. No!—Why?

Mod. Because the person I love is married to somebody else.—And she,—she—*(Pointing to the house.)*

Sol. How!—What—Mrs. St. Albyn! Dang it! I half dreaded this; for I did catch her painting of thy picture.

Mod. Painting my picture! When? Where?

Sol. Here, in my house.—And when I did say—"that be a rare likeness, that be exactly Mr. Modern"—she did so blush,—and look so handsome, and confused—

Mod.

Mod. Psha! what signifies her looking handsome? I wish she were as plain as a Sybil. Nothing is so infernally troublesome as a beautiful woman!—And so I'll tell her.

ALGERNON ST. ALBYN, *within.*

Alger. Nay, I entreat, Sir,——

Enter SIR ARTHUR *and* ALGERNON *from the house.*

Sir Art. Sir, I have once discarded you; and the same house shall never more contain us.

Alger. But 'tis my birth-day, Sir; the day that I attain the age of manhood.

Sir Art. Why, yes, it is the day that you attain my brother's fortune; and the remembrance of that dark transaction——

Alger. Hold, Sir—his fortune is not mine.

Sir Art. Whose is it then, Sir?

Alger. My father's!

Sir Art. Mine!

Alger. Selina is, by this time, at the castle, with a conveyance of the whole estate;—and I but execute my uncle's wishes;—for, had he lived to see you in distress, he would, like me, have given up his all to save you.

Sir Art. How!

Alger. You thought I urged him to abandon you, and, therefore, you abandoned me; but, from himself he acted.—For, when I saw him in his dying hours, "My brother," he exclaimed,—"my loved, "unhappy brother! surrounded as he is, by false "and dissipated friends, my fortune now can little "serve him.—And who? who shall guard it till the "day of danger comes?" I knelt, implored him to confide in me, he trusted to my sacred word,—and then, now, ever, shall I bless that bounteous man, who died, as he had lived, selecting you, sole object

of

of his love, and me, your son, to know, and to proclaim it.

Sir Art. Astonishing!

Mod. Not in the least—I thought he was original.

Sol. So did I.—And had I such a son.—Sir Arthur, if thee won't, I must.—(*Going towards Algernon.*)

Sir Art (*Stopping Solace.*) I would!—I pant to clasp him to my heart. But, can he vindicate his other deeds? Think of his wrongs, as husband, and as lover. (*Algernon starts.*) Nay, Algernon, from Cicely herself, I've heard the tale of sorrow, and of mystery.

Sol. From Cicely!—Why, dang it! Mr. Algernon!

Mod. Wait!—Wait, my fine fellow!

Sir Art. I found, and left her at my house,—brought back by some, who sought for a reward;—and when I forced confession from her lips, she so implored me to forget her wrongs, and plead your pardon with her benefactor,—speak, Algernon,—explain, and spare, oh, spare an anxious father's feelings!

Alger. I will,—on one condition—part,—separate from *him*, who would for ever separate us.

Sir Art. I dare not: not only as a man of honour I am pledged, but legally compelled—

Alger. What! Danvers must still be your friend! And, were it possible, must still be husband to Selina!

Sir Art. (*Wildly*) He must!—he must!

Alger. Then Algernon cannot explain.

Enter, immediately, SELINA.

Sel. No; but Selina can.

Alger. Hold—the same motive yet exists.

Sel. What motive, Algernon! to save Selina from

the man she hates, and part poor Cicely from the man she loves? (*Algernon appeals.*) Nay, had I sooner known that such had been the sacrifice, I would, 'ere this, have sacrificed myself. And why be anxious to conceal what, when divulged, will add to your fair fame; for, if you stooped to artifice and guile, was it from selfish, sordid motives? No; 'twas to save your father and myself from an alliance, which, you knew, involved our mutual, lasting happiness.

Sir Art. What artifice?

Mod. Ay, what artifice?

Sel. Entreaty and remonstrance failed.—You, (*to Sir Art.*) you were resolved to hurry on the match, and stratagem alone, could gain delay! The letter, which he wrote from Bath, was purposely contrived, and I would still assume my borrowed title; but since it brands him with the name of villain, and wounds the feelings of the pure and virtuous.—(*Pointing to Solace.*) I here consent to be the wife of Danvers, so Algernon reward the love of the wronged, suffering Cicely. (*Going to the wing, and leading on Cicely.*)

Cicely. (*Looking round.*) Where!—Where!—(*Seeing Solace.*) My more than father!—can you again forgive me? (*Running up to him.*)

Sol. I said, I said it would come at last—Sir Arthur!—my young master!—I,—I be the happiest of servants!---

Sir Art. And I the happiest of fathers!

Mod. And I, the happiest of lovers!

Sir Art. (*To Algernon.*) Take---be her husband,---and I'm amply gratified.

Mod. That's right, Sir Arthur.---Get quickly over this cause, that we may come to another (*Crosses to Selina*) Mrs.!---Miss!---Algernon!---Speak a kind word for me to your wife, Algernon!

Alger. I'm sure you have my leave, and I suspect you have Selina's. (*Selina half frowning.*) Nay,

Nay, nay fair cousin, the picture, my fair cousin.

Mod. Ay, the picture, my fair cousin.---And as to being wife to Danvers---Sir Arthur,---he's the worst of villains.---He knew I was my father's lawful heir---kept back the documents that proved me rightful Earl of Blushdale---and, therefore, if he dare to litigate your contract, I'll give him law for law! And since possession is nine-tenths---suppose at once I call this lady, countess,---and, in reality! no borrowed title! for with my hand, my heart shall be so joined, that love and novelty shall last for life.

(*Modern talks aside to Selina.*)

Sol. (*To Sir Arthur*) It be all true;---he be the rightful Lord.

Sir Art. And Danvers knew it!---and concealed it!---He is---he is the worst of villains! and I the worst of guardians, and of fathers, to have upheld his cause!---Wronged, wronged Selina!---You hear what is proposed.

Mod. She does;---and 'tis all settled, Sir Arthur.

Sir Art. Become her partner then---let my loved Algernon be mine---and be the basis of our firm,---oblivion and forgiveness.---

Mod. No,---be the basis of our firm---love, confidence, and friendship.---And I don't know, Algernon, whether you mean to make an active partner; but, certainly, I sha'n't make a sleeping one.

Sir Art. And in the hour of general union, shall we exclude our general friend?---(*to Solace.*) No,---enriched by industry, ennobled by integrity, the proudest firm that this country boasts, might glory in a name like yours.

Mod. Right, Sir Arthur, and now---

Our hopes encourage, and our errors spare,
Say,—may we smile? if so,—Begone dull care!

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MISS SMITH.

ONCE more I come—your smiles, or frowns to face—
And, like my lover,—talk of common-place—
To do my best to banish from the nation—
All hacknied modes,—all servile *Imitation.*—
Ay, that's the word—we copy—cry the bold ones—
And most new fashions may be trac'd from old ones.
Because in Noah's patriarchal days,
Our *good first people* copy'd nature's ways—
Our *fine first people* now—in dress—not feature!
Do all they can, to stick quite close to nature.
Because that ancient animal, a horse,
With rapid movement, long has pac'd the course,
Is back'd, and betted on by knowing stagers—
Man—servile man! must run and trot for wagers!
And two-legg'd walkers, now, do so much more,
Than all the other cattle upon four,
That soon, no doubt, some dashing Jehu Billy,
Will drive four gentlemen down Piccadilly!
And, halting where a sign provision shews—
Cry—"*Hay and water!—for—my four crop't beaux!*"
(Mimicking foppish tone and manner.)
How long rich citizens have had the passion
To live in squares,—and ape each western fashion!
But now the fashion copies them so far,
That if you travel east of Temple-bar,
There, the gay world in throngs you will encounter,—
And there!—the Fleet—King's bench—and Poultry compter!

Then

Then Ladies' cloaks!—so ruddy, warm, and loose!
They're copied from the tales of Mother Goose.
And modern wolves!—take care!—they prowl in crowds,
For little—and for large, Red Riding-Hoods.
All, all is borrow'd—and it makes such pother!
For e'en our *saints* so copy one another!
That 'twixt these four—no more for difference look—
St. James!—St. Giles!—St. Stephen!—and St. Luke!
Bards too!—like tars, their hostile fire can't quench—
For plays, like ships,—are taken from the French!

One word then to ye all, before I go—
Since ours is "English Sirs!—from top to toe"—
Support your countryman—befriend *his* cause—
Who now—like me—would *borrow* your applause.

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